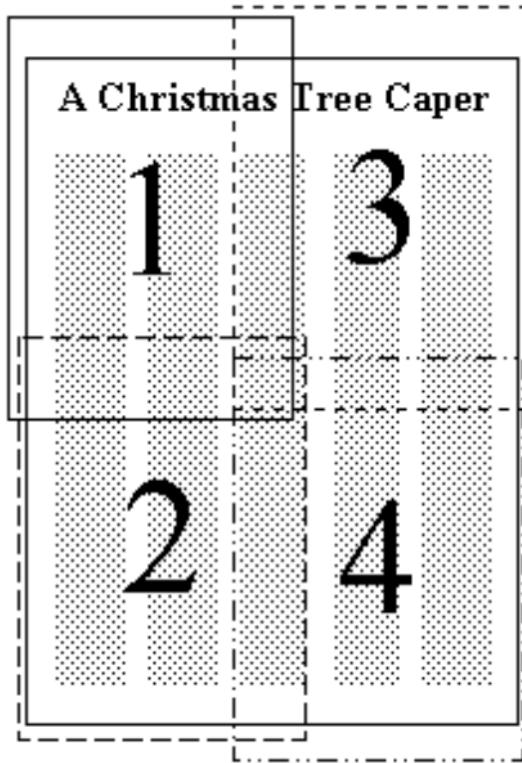
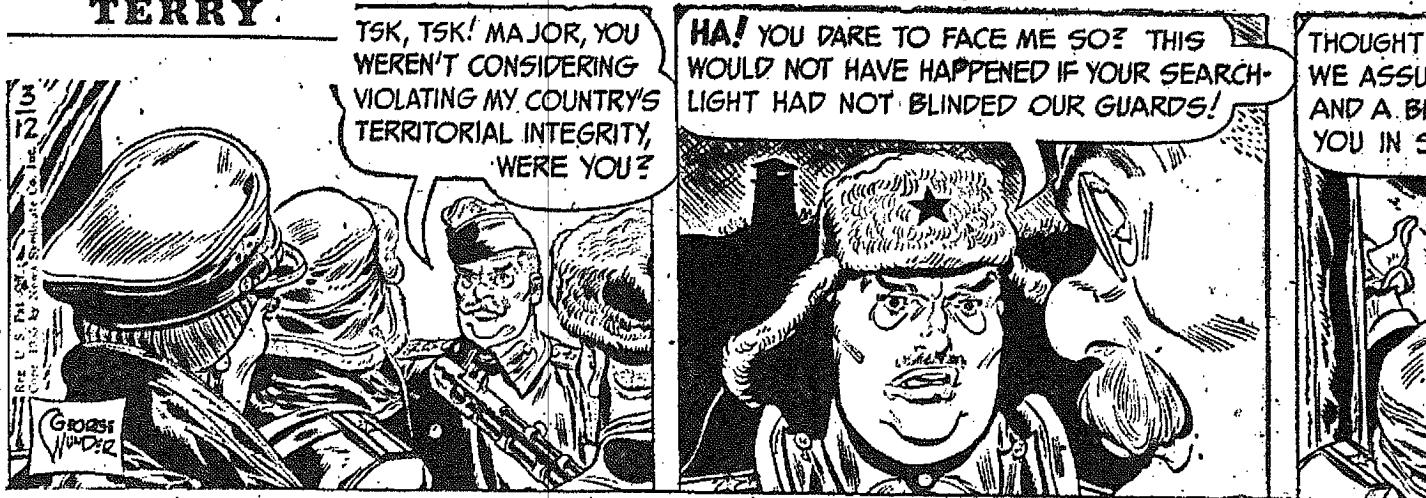


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY



SNOWBALL

By JACK RITCHIE

(Copyright 1955 by News Syndicate Co., Inc.)

MY kid sister stopped doing her homework and chewed on her pencil thoughtfully. "I've been noticing boys for a couple of years now," she said. "But all they do is throw snowballs at me."

"It's a compliment, dear," my mother said.

"I know. But it doesn't look very ladylike to be dodging all the time. It's undignified. And sometimes you get hit."

"In my day it was pigtails in ink wells," dad said, looking over his paper.

"How old are you, really?" I asked him.

"All right," he said. "So I read it somewhere. But some of them still wore pigtails when I was a boy."

Libby glanced over at the work I was doing. "Why don't you go out with girls more?"

"Because I'm too busy learning to be an engineer, and besides, girls talk too much. Why don't you finish your homework?"

"I'm through."

Father laid down the paper so he could refill his pipe. "By the way, Ned, what ever happened to that Frances something-or-other who always went skiing with you? I haven't seen her around lately."

"She got married," I said.

THE BLONDE THAT LISPED

"A wife can be a great help to a husband in his career," Libby said. "I'm going to marry a struggling scientist and we'll starve together in his laboratory. I think Timmy Collier's going to be a geologist. He puts rocks in his snowballs."

"Oh, yes," mother said. "The Collier family that just moved down the street."

"And that blonde what's-her-name that lisped?" father asked. I rubbed the back of my neck. "She got married."

"See," Libby said. "Everybody gets married. What's wrong with you?"

"Did you say he puts rocks in his snowballs, dear?" mother

said. "Extremely dangerous," mother said. "Besides, you can take over the sponge cake pan. I met Mrs. Collier at the supermarket today and she said that she wanted to make sponge cake tomorrow but she doesn't have the pan for it. I told her she could borrow mine, but I really think it's too cold for me to go out tonight."

"It's bitter freezing," father said. "Only a young man of rugged constitution could stand it." He coughed slightly. "I believe I'm catching cold."

I pushed back my chair and turned out the student lamp. "Always remember me as having been a dutiful son."

"I'll go along," Libby said. "I won't say a word. I'll just stand there and ignore Timmy until he notices me."

It had just finished snowing outside. Libby and I followed our breath vapor down the block and our boots crunched over the dry flakes.

In the crisp air we could hear the ring of snow shovels on cement as some of our neighbors began clearing their sidewalks.

We went up the steps of the Collier house and I rang the doorbell. The girl who answered the door and smiled in an inquiring way was about 20 and she had dark hair with a touch of curl in it.

"Hello, Jenny," Libby said. "This is my big brother, Ned."

I cleared my throat. "Here's your pan."

"This is Jenny," Libby said. "Timmy's sister. She goes to college or something, but she's home for a visit."

Jenny had deep blue eyes. "Won't you please come in?" she asked. "It's dreadfully cold outside."

We took off our coats in the hall and I walked into the living room carrying the sponge cake pan.

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Jenny liked the wisdom of my statement. "I think there's a lot to that."

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"See," Libby said. "Everybody gets married. What's wrong with you?"

"Did you say he puts rocks in his snowballs, dear?" mother asked.

"They've got edges on them," Libby said. She clasped her forehead. "Oh, the pain!"

"What are you now?" I asked. "Bernhardt?"

"I think you ought to go over and speak to his parents about that, Ned," mother said.

"Who's Bernhardt?" Libby asked.

"How come you skip over the head of the house?" I asked mother. "That's his job."

"I'm yellow, son," father said. "Bernhardt was an actress. I remember her well." He glanced at me. "Anyway, I read about her."

"Putting rocks in snowballs is

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We took off our coats in the hall and I walked into the living room carrying the sponge cake pan.

Timmy Collier was stretched out on the rug with his homework in front of him. He scowled at Libby and returned to his books with great concentration.

"I already did my homework," Libby said sweetly. "Boys are always slower."

Jenny Collier and I sat opposite each other. I found that the light of the floor lamp put an auburn burnish to her hair.

"Oh, yes," I said after a while. "Timmy's been putting rocks in his snowballs."

Jenny looked at him. "That's awful, Timmy."

"What rocks?" Timmy demanded, his voice squeaking with indignation.

slightly.

"My parents are at the movies," she said.

I nodded sagely. "A very healthy recreation."

Libby got out of her chair and stood over Timmy. She peered down at what he had been doing. "You haven't gotten very far."

"Never mind," he said. "I started late."

"Oh, yes," I said, suddenly remembering. "The cake pan." I held it out.

"I'll take it into the kitchen," Jenny said.

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"She didn't say much either," I said defensively.

Libby pondered on that. "That's right," she said, frowning. "Do you suppose that could ever happen to me when I grow up?"

Back home we took off our coats and I went back into the living room. I turned on the lamp and picked up my slide rule.

My mother finished darning one and one half pairs of socks before she put aside her mending basket. "Well?" she asked. "Do you want me to die of curiosity?"

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THE NEWS, 220 E. 4

York 17, N. Y.

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Meriden, Conn.

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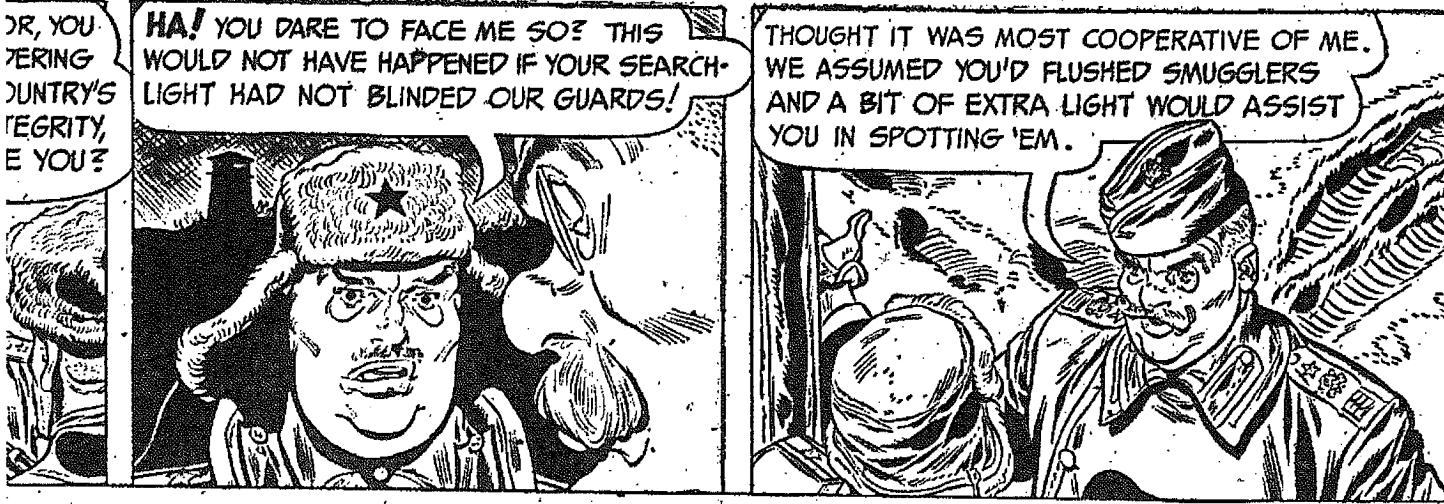
Bridgeport, Conn.

BRENDA STARR

WOW! SHE SURE THREW A WILD ONE TONIGHT!

I THOUGHT GWEN GAY WAS ON THE WAY OUT! ISN'T SHE UNDER THE CARE OF A DOCTOR, WITH A TRAINED NURSE 24 HOURS A DAY?





DR, YOU
TERING
DUNTRY'S
TEGRITY,
E YOU?

HA! YOU DARE TO FACE ME SO? THIS
WOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED IF YOUR SEARCH-
LIGHT HAD NOT BLINDED OUR GUARDS!

THOUGHT IT WAS MOST COOPERATIVE OF ME.
WE ASSUMED YOU'D FLUSHED SMUGGLERS
AND A BIT OF EXTRA LIGHT WOULD ASSIST
YOU IN SPOTTING 'EM.

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"She was alright, I guess."

"That's what I like," father said. "Steaming enthusiasm."

"She goes to the drug store every evening at 9 o'clock for a malted," Libby said. "She doesn't have to diet. I hope I don't when I grow up. I love malteds."

"I thought you were going to starve in a laboratory?" I began studying a problem on torsion. "Cake pan," I muttered under my breath.

"It's a quarter to 9," Libby said.

At approximately five minutes to 9 I closed my books. "How do all of you figure you're doing me a favor? I've been studying this problem for 10 minutes and I don't know how to answer it."

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"While you're at the drug store," father said, "bring me a couple of cigars."

THE END

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Poor Reach For Beauty And Get It

By GLADYS BEVANS

A woman I knew was what I suppose we might call a home missionary. She was little and quite old, spry as a bird, stone-deaf, and sunny, witty and worldwise. She was sent by her church to work in the Deep South, in a remote area where the farmers were extremely poor.

"You should have seen our exhibition of the handicraft of the farmers' wives and daughters," she said in telling me of the results of the campaign to bring beauty into the lives of these people.

Dress From Sacks

"What do you think one of the loveliest things was? It was a little girl's dress made of meal sacks! They had been washed and dyed and fagotted together and embroidered. It was lovely."

"You see the people down there have practically no money. So we must teach them to use what lies at hand to bring interest and beauty into their lives. They respond so eagerly."

And she went on to tell me of the amazing use the women made of the humble material that their way of living offered.

This came back to me when I began to write this week about the prevalent belief that modern life presents no opportunities for children to build character. It certainly doesn't present some of the challenges of the "good old days," (especially the proverbial woodbox to be kept filled) as we were saying yesterday; but hasn't that always been the cry in each generation?

Life Challenges

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Proudly arrayed in my new motorcycle outfit—riding boots, trousers, leather jacket, helmet and goggles, I rode to my friend's home, rang the bell and eagerly waited his admiration. His brother, 3, opened the door and in horror and disbelief asked, "What kind of a man are you?"

Meriden, Conn. H. M. M.

After his first day at school, I asked my son, 6, if he had learned anything. "Oh, yes, Mother, I found out that you mustn't talk when the teacher is looking!"

Bridgeport, Conn. N. E. W.

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Life Challenges

Perhaps in the story of the farmer's wife who wrought beauty out of meal sacks, lies our lesson for today. After all, do our children need a woodbox and the problems of yesterday to develop these qualities which all together make up the valuable thing we call character?

Today's parents have developed quite an inferior feeling about the hardships their children don't have to buck. They need not. Each way of life presents its own challenges. What we have to do is to learn to use the ones which lie at hand.

Building Truthfulness is a leaflet obtainable on request. Send a long, stamped, addressed envelope for it. Address Mrs. Gladys Bevans, THE NEWS, 220 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

